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VOL. I.
No. 10.

CITY

January 21,
1876.

JACKDAW



H. WATKINSON DEL.
MANCHESTER

128,
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FOR
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Proprietors, the Theatre Royal Company, Manchester, Limited. Manager, Mr. SIDNEY.

THIS (Friday) EVENING, January 21st, 1876, at seven,
GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
Entitled

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;
Or, HARLEQUIN PRINCE AZOR,
And the

GOOD FAIRY OF THE WEDDING RING,
Written Expressly for this Theatre by H. B. FARNIE,
Esq. Arranged and produced under the personal super-
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Harlequin Mr. JOHN MARTINETTE, Jun.
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TO-MORROW (Saturday), January 22nd, TUESDAY,
January 23rd, THURSDAY, January 27th, and
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Written expressly for this Theatre, by JOHN F.
M'ARDLE, Esq.,

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR;
Or, Harlequin King Arthur, his Very Merry Knights of
ye Days of Old; and ye Saxon Bold, who in
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W. E. HAMER begs to announce that Miss
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His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE
writes: "I shall be most happy to accept the dedica-
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QUATRE BRAS.
Mr. JOHN RUSKIN says: "I never ap-
proached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice
against it than I did Miss Thompson's; partly
because I have always said that no woman could
paint, and, secondly, because I thought what the
public made such a fuss about must be good for
nothing. But it is Amazon's work this—no doubt
of it; and the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of
battle we have had."

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 10.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. III.—MR. ALDERMAN BENNETT.

MR. ALDERMAN BENNETT is a public man of strong individuality and personal sturdiness. Short of sheer pigheadedness, which is the characteristic of some other public men we know, there probably is not in Manchester anybody more obstinate or pertinacious.* He possesses in an eminent degree the Englishman's inconvenient defect of not knowing when he is beaten; and however soundly and repeatedly thrashed, he comes up again, fresh and smiling, for the next round with tiresome persistency and, on his own part, in imperturbable good humour. This is altogether irrespective of the nature of the cause which for the moment he champions. That he has undertaken it is enough for him; and until he is fairly in the fray, and dealing out his blows right and left, the spectator has no certainty on which side he may range himself. For Alderman Bennett is as little as Alderman Lamb a party man in the ordinary sense of the term. If he had not been obliged, in his candidature for Manchester, to declare himself, we should scarcely have ventured to affirm that Mr. Bennett is, or was, or will be a Conservative. As is well known, and in respect of nothing better than the candidature aforesaid, he is a rigid Economist. Personal bribery is a practice altogether foreign and abhorrent to his nature. He is in favour of a large extension of the franchise, and a prominent advocate of woman's suffrage. As a Churchman he is a strong upholder of the rights of the laity, and probably would not grieve much over disestablishment. Upon fiscal and financial questions, though he might not profess himself a Free-trader, he would probably be found, upon nine occasions out of ten, siding with what is, or was described as, the Manchester School. It is difficult, therefore, to know why Mr. Alderman Bennett should be described as a Conservative; but so he has styled himself, and so he is recognised by his friends. Apparently he is not altogether square with his party. He never appears at their meetings, excepting upon show occasions, although there is not a more effective platform speaker in their ranks. Yet it is not because he was and is too Liberal that Mr. Bennett has been abandoned as a candidate for their suffrages by the Manchester Tories, but rather that he conserves the purse-strings too tightly.

It is odd enough to find that, being a Conservative, Mr. Alderman Bennett has modelled his oratorical style on the pattern of the prime Lancashire Radical, Mr. John Bright, to whom, in physique and feature, he bears considerable resemblance. When he rises to speak, the same frank, manly, self-assertive presence stands before us. There is the same calm survey of friends and opponents; the same serious appreciation of the various elements of thought and feeling that have to be mastered or conciliated; the same apparent internal bracing up for a real, stand-up, hand-to-hand fight; and the same determination to win. There is no dreaminess, no hesitation, no stumbling in his manner. Every blow is meant to tell; and when a strong one is deftly delivered in a vulnerable place, there is the same effective pause—in which the listener can almost feel that he hears its sharp thud, and sees the suffering carcass of the opponent staggering under its weight. Like Mr. Bright's, Mr. Alderman Bennett's utterance is calm, deliberate, and smooth; his enunciation is clear-cut—his words picked out and arranged as neatly as a well-ordered course of a substantial building. His statements are marked by great simplicity and directness, and his reasoning is usually lucid and forcible. After all, however,

* Mr. Hugh Mason resides at Groby Lodge, near Ashton-under-Lyne.

the resemblance to our greatest living orator is only skin deep. There is, we are ready to believe, no conscious imitation, certainly no aping of Mr. Bright; and the resemblances we have pointed out, though relating solely to externals, are probably accidental and unstudied. Mr. Alderman Bennett is utterly defective in the great characteristics which elevate Mr. Bright so immeasurably above his peers. He is as narrow in sympathy and grasp as Mr. Bright is large-hearted and comprehensive. He would be mean (we use the word not in an offensive but purely in its primary sense of smallness) where Mr. Bright would be generous; selfish where Mr. Bright would be patriotic; parochial where Mr. Bright would be cosmopolitan. He is never pathetic, never eloquent, and when he indulges in a humorous sally it is of that rough practical sort which is almost a proclamation of the absence of real humour—as when he prescribes a blue-pill to an opponent whom he wishes to prove guilty of taking too gloomy a view of affairs. But above all, Mr. Bennett is, in spite of himself, a casuist. He cares as little for the consistency of his arguments as for the harmony of his public policy. He sees an end before him distinctly enough, and is never scrupulous about taking the nearest way. He sees a weapon ready to his hand, and uses it for his immediate purpose, reckless whether it be his own or his neighbour's. He wastes no time in trying to prove it. By this defect in his character, Mr. Alderman Bennett is reduced to the rank of a guerilla, who may snatch a momentary triumph or obstruct for a time a powerful opponent, but can never conduct a campaign or bring a great question to an issue in decisive fight. Nevertheless, like a guerilla, he is difficult—almost impossible, to suppress. Though baffled oft and overcome, he may break out at any moment in a fresh place.

These observations of Mr. Alderman Bennett's peculiarities may be readily illustrated by his appearances in the Council. Nothing is more pleasant than to listen to one of Mr. Bennett's telling, forcible speeches. His facts appear damaging, his arguments incontrovertible; the natural pugacity and aggressiveness of his disposition generally give to his exercitation a spicy, personal flavour. Nothing, apparently, can be more convincing and effective in debate. But, lo, another cometh after and searcheth, and nothing again is more certain than that, if followed by Alderman Grundy or Mr. Harwood, Mr. Bennett's finely spun web of sophistry will be punctured and riddled unmercifully. He will probably be convicted, if not exactly of *suppressio veri*, yet of such a palpable twist in his statements, often of an odd and almost fantastical character, and generally daring, almost to the pitch of foolhardiness, as to be entirely misleading on the question of fact. The specious house of cards, based on assumptions and half truths, falls to the ground. It must be confessed that Mr. Bennett, when thus found out, enjoys the joke with unblushing good-humour. No pastime delights Mr. Bennett's vagrant and whimsical humour more than to cross swords in a bout of knight-errantry with the Town Clerk. Though generally worsted by Sir Joseph, there is sometimes a tone of vexation in the Town Clerk's remonstrating "Now Bennett"—which, as plainly as possible, recognises the cleverness and troublesomeness of the alderman's perversity of disposition. His particular fondness for exploding a secret, where he has not been taken into confidence, makes him especially a thorn in the side of the Improvement or the Markets Committee as the case may be. Yet, with all his cleverness, ability, and experience (being in every way the ablest and best informed man on his side of the Council), Mr. Bennett can scarcely be recognised as the leader of the Conservative party. Mr. Croston, who always waits and watches for an opportunity to follow him in debate,

systematically sets upon him, greatly to the aldermen's delight and amusement, invariably beginning with some laboured epigram at his expense, which is brought forth with all the pains of hard labour. Even Mr. Griffin openly flouts him, and sometimes, when he looks around in a division, half dismayed, his followers are nowhere.

As a prominent Ritualist Mr. Alderman Bennett has achieved almost a national reputation. It is believed to be on account of his extreme High-Churchism that Mr. Croston pursues him with so deadly a hate. He is a great prop of S. John the Baptist's, Hulme, and the right-hand man of Dr. Marshall in every Romeward march—though personally his detestation of Rome is probably as hearty as Mr. Alderman Lamb's. Mr. Bennett's singularly business-like and practical turn of mind produces strange and ludicrous results in his dealing with spiritual things. To meet the difficulty of reaching the lapsed masses, scriptural Mr. Lamb would probably turn to the practice of the Apostles or the Primitive Church. Mr. Bennett at once asks himself the question—How are the masses at present attracted? And the answer occurs to his mind—By the gin-palace, the music-hall, and the spectacular drama. Then he immediately recommends that a leaf should be taken out of the licensed victuallers' book, or that the practice of the churches should conform to that of the theatrical manager. This bold theory Mr. Bennett freely expounded at the Bath Church Congress, and supported with many whimsical arguments, which shocked his friends, and gave abundant occasion for the enemy to blaspheme. Mr. Bennett, however, was not to be put down by laughter or jeers; and was conscious of nothing but a self-sacrificing zeal and readiness to be offered up in martyrdom when he clenched his argument by a statement that he would even stand on his head if thereby he could attract people to church. That Mr. Bennett never really meant to try this experiment our readers will be convinced if they will only examine the accompanying cut. In this attitude Mr. Bennett, though black, is not comely; his upturned figure is neither dignified nor attractive. There is much virtue in an "if;" and Mr. Bennett knew perfectly well that by standing on his head in the porch he would not attract anybody to enter the most free and open church. The only temptation he would offer in such a position would be a revival of the effete Romish practice of flagellation, for the practice of which his great breadth of beam would furnish an admirable surface.



As a landlord, one of our contributors, who is his tenant, bears witness that Mr. Alderman Bennett is commendable, inasmuch as he has not yet demanded last quarter's rent, which lies awaiting his collection, with interest at five per cent. In consideration of this circumstance we have refrained from saying many hard things concerning him which might have been applicable. There is one point, however, in which his practice is capable of improvement; and as we have further arrows in store, and may have other opportunities of using them, we may suggest that it would be greatly to his interest to keep this particular contributor's tenement in good repair, reduce his rent, pay his taxes, and meet his butcher's bills, the more especially as said contributor has a large wife and a small family.

THE CORPORATION'S SUPERANNUATION BILL.

THE Town Clerk and Alderman Bennett have had an interview with Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, on the question of the Corporation's superannuation bill. The Home Secretary says, as he has not gone thoroughly into the question, he is prepared to allow Sir Joseph to draw up a bill for himself. This the Town Clerk has kindly undertaken to do. Among the provisions made we find the following:—

That the Town Clerk may resign as early as he likes, provided his splendid past services are duly acknowledged; also, that he shall be allowed to appoint his successor.

That no superannuation shall be given to the Mayor in the event of his breaking down under the honour of knighthood.

That the aldermen shall all be requested to resign, and a liberal superannuation shall be given to any one of them who thinks he has a right to it.

That the city councillors whose only desire in getting into the Council was to promote their own interests shall be cashiered.

That Sir Joseph shall, after his superannuation, be constituted superannuation judge, with power to give more kicks than halfpence.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

[Translated from *La Fontaine's Fables*.]

A GRASSHOPPER had sung her best
The summer through, a merry feaster;
But found herself with want distressed,
When winter brought the cold north-easter.

Not a thing was in the larder;
No one's luck could sure be harder;
So she went with piteous cry
To the frugal ant hard-by;
Begging just a trifling loan,
Wherewithal to hold her own,
Till the rigour of the winter
Should have lost its power to stint her.

"I will pay"—so she implored,
"Long before the wheat is stored;
Interest and principal,
On an insect's word of honour."
Now the ant is ne'er a donor,
That is not her fault at all;
"What has been your summer labour?"
Said she to her needy neighbour.
"Night and day, throughout the summer,
Sang I gaily to each comer."
"Ah! indeed, that's very pleasant—
So you're badly off at present—
Don't you fancy, now, that it'll
Be a change to dance a little?"

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S INCOME.

NO man in England has been oftener misunderstood in his utterances than the Bishop of Manchester. People seem almost to take a wilful interest in putting wrong constructions on his words. For instance, his statement respecting his present income has been a source of continued misrepresentation; and only the other day, Mr. Illingworth, an ex-M.P., asserted that the Bishop had said that his episcopal income was insufficient. The Bishop puts the matter very clear. His observation is: "That so numerous were the various demands made upon me, that when I was a country parson with £420 a-year, I felt myself a richer man than now that I am a Bishop with £4,200 a-year." Being on the most intimate terms of friendship with the Bishop, we have interviewed him on the matter with the following results:—

Inquirer. In what respect does your lordship find that your expenses have most increased?

The Bishop. Oh, in every respect. Why, when I was a country parson two pairs of boots would serve me for a twelvemonth; but now that I have so many souls to look after, I find that four pair of boots won't do it.

Inquirer. And has that brought about any other expense?

The Bishop. Certainly! I never had any necessity to pay a fee to a chiropodist in Berkshire; but here it's fashionable to do so. Why, you wouldn't have the Bishop to be behind Sir Joseph and Mr. Leppoc in the upper world?

Inquirer. Certainly not, my lord. If I am not intruding, may I ask what other items you've found to increase?

The Bishop. Increase! Why there are hundreds of items which I never heard of before I came here. In Berkshire I grew my own potatoes; kept my own pig; assisted in working my own garden; wrote

my own sermons, and occasionally had time to write a leader or two a week for the *Times*; but, bless my soul, now I've to pay people to read the papers for me—indeed the newspapers cost me about the same as the income of my Berkshire living. Then, again, I've to keep a coach; the horse has got a rare appetite, and my coachman strikes periodically for an increase in his screw—I beg your pardon, salary.

Inquirer. Your lordship seems to make out a good case.

The Bishop. Good case; why nobody knows what I've to pay. There's the Dean and Chapter have to be invited on every saint's day, and their families on my birthday. What with one thing and another; what with the abuse I get in the newspapers, and the pressing invitations to attend all sorts of meetings, I am beginning to think that a bishop's life is like that of a toad under a harrow.

Inquirer. I suppose your lordship has no thought of resigning?

The Bishop. Oh, dear, no!

Inquirer. I am glad to hear that; for who could they make Archbishop of Canterbury or York, in the event of a vacancy, but your lordship.

The Bishop. Good morning! good morning!

A BE-LATED BEE.

[BY ONE WHO GATHERED NO HONEY.]

I WAS one of four hundred,
A goodly swarm of bees,
And I winged my way to the Free Trade Hall,
With a feeling of ought but ease.

My heart was beating with fear and dread,
My head was swimming with pain,
For I'd swallowed a dictionary in my haste,
To put myself *en train*.

And books are not so digestible,
As many would have us think;
Just try a dose of the paper crude,
To say nought of the printer's ink.

I felt the words inside me shriek,
As they jostled for premier place;
And a terrible hubbub disturbed my bile,
And the sweat streamed from my face.

An "assassin" attacked a "barrister,"
And invaded my "diaphragm" small;
An "ichthyosaurus" sneezed with rage
When chaffed by "camelopard" tall.

"Solicitor," playing at pitch-and-toss
With an "ichthyologist" green,
Came to grief 'gainst a "pterodactyl's" toe,
Which "manœuvred" him out of the scene.

A "mustachioed" villain growled with rage
When a "sciolist" seized his throat;
And the "innuendoes" sown broadcast
Could never be learned by rote.

A mastiff on board a foreign "barque"
Gave vent to a savage howl,
Which rapidly changed to a fretful bark,
When his eyes were pecked by an owl.

The tumult raged with fearful force
As I struggled into my place,
And watched the crowd which filled the hall
With scarcely a vacant place.

The trial of orthographical skill
Commenced at the hour of eight,
But midnight had chimed from steeples tall
Ere all of us knew our fate.

We were busy as bees with pencils of lead,
And our hearts were leaden too,
As we puzzled our brains with roots of Greek,
And exceedingly "funky" grew.

Just fancy a man, with ord'nary tongue,

Trying "kaleidoscope";

I know this bee wished he was in one
When with it I had to cope.

A "paroxysm" killed many a bee,
And "rosary" settled one;
He evidently hadn't counted his beads,
Or else the poor fellow had none.

Four hundred dwindled down to a half,
And the conflict didn't abate;
Till at last but twenty-three remained
To spell for the prizes eight.

'Twas a wordy war—at least so I've heard,
For I wasn't one of the lot,
For internal "hemorrhage" sapped my strength,
And I winged my way to my cot.

I gathered no honey; I feel like a drone,
And yet I'm a busy bee,
But this I'll swear, for aye and a day,

That Messrs. Forsyth will not catch this specimen of the insect tribe at another spelling bee.

[We are happy to say that, by the use of stimulants and the stomach pump, our bee has been safely freed from his Chambers' Dictionary, but he persists in saying that one word still remains in his interior, and that is "Walker." *Ed. C. J.*]

MR. HEADLAM AND THE COMMERCIALS.

DEAR MR. JACKDAW,—I saw you were down upon me, in the *Jackdaw*, for my alleged abuse of the commercial men of this city. Well, I got out of the difficulty by saying that I had been misreported. Since then my conscience has troubled me. Bless you, I never was misreported in my life, as I get the magistrates' clerks to supply a written judgment to the press in all cases. But I resorted to this subterfuge for one reason. My dear friend, Sir John Mantell, was in trouble, and I, in my innocence, thought I might make myself the scapegoat. I did so; Sir John sent another man to prison for vagrancy, and during the controversy, managed to deceive the Home Secretary. After the trouble was over, I don't mind saying that any men, who live eternally under the shadow of hotels, must necessarily encourage the keeping open of such houses—which are the root of all evil—and make stipendiary magistrates a public and absolute necessity.—Yours, on remand,

F. J. HEADLAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TOWN CLERK'S SLAVEY CIRCULAR.

To the Editor of the "*City Jackdaw*."

Sir,—I am a poor slavey, and I writes to put afore you the grævænces as is put upon us domestick servients, which the pussons as make laws, and sticks them on the walls, about scraping the snow from the pavement, should justly consider, Sir, it is all very well to say as Master and Missus is to be fined if it ain't done. But who is it as as to done it I'd like for to know? Why us femails, for the most part, which it is a disgrace to civiligation to expect, which they does, members of the fare sex to pad about in slush with spades and brums, and such like; which, moreover, it ain't not to say snow at all but solid bice. And then to be shide at, all the time the pufformance is a going on, by the idle mails and boath sexes, which tha might lend a hand in, only don't, on account of preferring there larx, and I don't see no amusement in it. And if the parish clark, or whoever it is as inwents those dokkyments, would put one up about sno ballin', and forbid the employment of femails to scrape the rodes, and set everyone as was caught a throwing of 'em a scraping with a shuvill, he would releage us from such work as I have not the pen to express. Sir, as you, who is always finding falt with somebody, will p'raps take the matter up, and remane, yours, &c.,

MARY ANN.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO W. ARONSBURG.

THE sayings of great men ought to be preserved. At no end of trouble we have endeavoured to add to the historic records of our common country, and we print the correspondence which has lately passed between Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, and Mr. Aronsberg, M.P., of this city:—

Manchester, any time within the last twenty years.

My Dear Ben,—Dan O'Connell said you were a descendant of the impenitent thief. I, for one, don't believe it, as I can speak from a long personal knowledge of your family. England has a right to be proud of you. I send you an opera-glass, in which you can see your political future. Don't blame me if it is not so dull as you expected.—Yours faithfully, in the faith of Moses and Aaron,

W. ARONSBURG.

Downing Street (see local papers for date).

Dear old Son of the Morning Star,—How long is it since my poetic and youthful eyes saw a glimpse of your serene physiognomy? Let me thank you, to come to humbler phrase, for the exquisite optical illusion which you have forwarded to me. My classical novels are at present at a discount, owing, no doubt, to a rapid fall in Manchester goods; so I can afford, on one condition—and that is that you send a paragraph conveying the information to all the newspapers in the United Kingdom—to make you a present of the latest unsold copy of the new edition of my works, with a holograph inscription (whatever that may mean), testifying my regard to one so distinguished for liberality.—Yours,

DIZZY.

Manchester, January 12th, 1876.

My Dear Ben,—I am disappointed. You have been making a lot of pees. 'Pears to me, speaking good broken English, that Manchester has been neglected.—Yours—How would it sound?—

BARON ARONSBURG.

Downing Street, January 13th, 1876.

My Dear Moses—I beg you pardon, Aronsberg,—Ask what you like. Wouldn't King of Bludhill, Prince of Knott Mill Fair, or Sir Aronsberg de Von Statue, be acceptable to you?—Yours—Just gone to my uncle's,

DIZZY.

Manchester, January 13th (same date as before).

Dear Diz,—Have just seen Maclure. Don't want a peerage. Will consent to sit beside you on the treasury benches.—Yours (no description necessary),

ARONSBURG.

WHERE DO THE LONDON "SPECIALS" GET THEIR NEWS?

THE London letters in the evening papers are generally a very interesting epitome of the week's gossip. Where that gossip is collected from matters very little to the public, so long as it is interesting; but it appears that it matters a great deal to the men who supply it in London. The "special" of the *Evening News* waxed most indignant in the *News*, of Tuesday, at the fact of the *Manchester Courier* having to go "to strange sources for its special information. In its London correspondence there was a long paragraph taken bodily from the *Weekly Dispatch* . . . about Mr. Disraeli, the Queen, Lord Palmerston, and other great persons having written leaders for the London newspapers." Well, no doubt it was an offence for the *Courier* "special" to drop upon the same sort of gossip that appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*. But those who live in glass houses oughtn't to throw stones. The indignant "special," who took the trouble to point out the delinquency of the *Courier*, in the very next paragraph of his letter proceeds to haah up a story from the *Times* of two days before, and which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* the same morning, relative to the torpedo experiments to be made on the Thunderer. After this, we think the "special" for the *News* ought to fill his columns in peace, and keep his remarks as to other prints at home—except when he can't fill up his given space.

THE SILKWORM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS is a type of industry,
And also of humility;
Though I confess I do not know
For my part, why it should be so.
For first of all—at this I stumble—
Why should this worm be reckoned humble?
Why should a worm that comes from Siam
Be "humble" any more than I am?

It cannot help it if it's small—
Although it isn't so at all—
When at full growth it has arrived,
If not of proper food deprived.

The proper food of silkworms grows
On trees, as everybody knows;
And specially the mulberry tree
Does with the silkworm's taste agree.

'Tis true that this most useful brute
Does not devour the luscious fruit,
For it prefers the leaves, and these
The silkworm lives upon with ease.

Why should we call a "humble" beast,
A worm that on the leaves doth feast,
For if it did not feed on those,
'Twould feed on something, I suppose?

You clearly then have no excuse,
This moral lesson to deduce;
For on such grounds we won't allow
The silkworm humble, anyhow.

Now next to industry we come,
Of which the silkworm has got some;
But still I cannot tell you why
It is a type of industry.

At meals it is industrious,
Which also is the case with us,
That is if we have good digestion,
But this is not just now the question.

Now, having eaten for three weeks,
Some other industry it seeks;
It winds itself in silk and soon
Is not a worm but a cocoon.

But still this is no argument,
For instinct is to silkworms sent—
Not knowing why they spin at all,
Why should we worms "industrious" call?

They work at Nature's prompting, though
The reason why I do not know;
I know what Nature's object is—
The worm must be a chrysalis.

I do not think that her intention,
Was just to foster man's invention;
She did not mean that men should birk worms,
Of what they'd made, in making silkworms.

For if you have this in your pate, you're
A sorry lover of Dame Nature;
She never thought of bonnet strings,
And hats and lady's gowns and things.

Besides, when silkworms were created,
As by the bard need scarce be dated,
There was in Nature's ups and downs,
No use at all for hats and gowns.

From chatting further we'll refrain,
For now 'tis time to end this strain;
The silkworm being proved to us,
Nor humble nor industrious.

PRINCE'S THEATRE: ALADDIN.

[BY OUR OWN GUSHER.]

THE Prince's Theatre is already known as the most magnificent in the whole world. Whether we look on the fairy-like elegance and undecidable comfort of the house, or at the wonderful and admirable displays therein which nightly delight costate audiences, we can only lament the poverty of a language which does not furnish words wherewith to do justice to the subject. The present truly gorgeous and inimitable performance not only eclipses all its successors at this theatre, but actually dazzles the eyes and captivates the senses even of the critic who is used to attending gorgeous entertainments on business. It is not too much to say that it is the most bewilderingly beautiful thing ever seen, and that in consequence of this bewildering beauty, and the paucity of words mentioned above, it almost baffles description. It is, in fact, so beautiful that we do not know how to describe it. Its gorgeous predecessors were also bewilderingly beautiful, but the beautiful bewilderment of the present pantomime completely eclipses in its gorgeousness everything that the eye of man has ever beheld or his senses conceived. In other words, it has never been equalled, and if the pantomime next year proves to be, as we expect, more gorgeous still, Mr. Browne will have demonstrated the possibility of surpassing the unsurpassable. The box-office is open from eleven to three, and the spectacle includes three live trained elephants and a silver stream of real water, for the sight of which no extra charge is made.

THE SNOW.

[BY A NOVICE.]

THIS excellent effect
Of nature always lends
A picturesque effect
Wherever it extends;
And so you know,
I like the snow
As much as any man,
And watch it when I can.
I like to watch the flakes,
That twinkle as they fall;
And think that nature takes
Care for her produce all;
For if there were
No snow flakes, there
Would clearly be no snow,
And that would be a "go."
For if there were no snow,
Arriving with the frost,
The crops would die, and so
Man's labour would be lost.
And common-sense
Deduceth hence
A moral, which I will omit,
There is no use in giving it.

LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

IN consequence of events narrated a short time since, I have again been looking for lodgings, and I find the task an excessively wearisome one. First of all I tried advertising, and got a large number of answers to my advertisement. I knew, from experience, that it is no use stating any particulars in the advertisement, so I merely inserted the words, "Lodgings wanted, address L 52, at the printer's." Having looked through the letters which I got, I selected six as looking most likely to suit, and devoted an afternoon to a dreary pilgrimage of examination. It is a strange sensation which a bachelor feels when the door of a house, which he has never entered before, is opened by a possible future land-

lady. The landlady occupies, with regard to the bachelor, a similar position to that which a wet nurse holds to bereaved infants. She has the bachelor entirely at her mercy, and possessing no natural affection for him, treats him more or less well, for her own interest. For these reasons, when I was admitted at house No. 1, somewhere out Greenheys way, I felt the awful responsibility which was cast upon me to study that landlady's manner and habits. This is not an easy task, mind you, for most landladies, by long experience, have acquired an inscrutable manner, exhibited, as the case may be, in reticence or loquacity, but always hard to penetrate. This landlady was of the loquacious order. She received me, so to speak, with open arms; prattled to me in the passage, patronised me in the back parlour, and in fact placed herself on terms of great intimacy. I looked all around those rooms with a deep air of wisdom, as I usually do, and said that they seemed all right—"Price?" "Ten shillings a week, which the last lodger was two years—" &c. I had reserved the all-important question to the last, because I wanted to gain time for studying the landlady's features. "Oh," I said, "I forgot to ask you if you have a bath?" If there had been a bath, I had determined to frame other exorbitant demands so that I might get out of that house gracefully, for I had concluded that that was not a desirable landlady. Fortunately there was none. It appeared that the last lodger used to go now and then to the baths in Leaf Street to "wash his self." "There was two young gentlemen," continued the mistress of the house, "as used to have baths regular, but they're now both of them clergymen; one of them is in Salford, and the other went to South Wales as a missionary. They say it's a terrible long journey by sea, but I hear as he's doing well, and the other one—their names was"—"Excuse my interrupting you," said I, "but where did they take these baths?" for I was getting interested. "Oh, they used to go down into the cellar where their bath was kep', because you see there wasn't nobody as was fit to carry water up to the top of the house. They were very nice gentlemen, both of them; one of them is in Salford, a clergyman he is, and the other is gone to South"—"Well," I said, "it seems all very nice, and perhaps I could arrange to bring my own bath and put it in the cellar;" and I could hardly help laughing at the idea of the Old Fogie going down into a cellar every morning, among blackbeetles and coals to take his bath. However, I kept my countenance, and promised to think it over and "let you know the day after to-morrow," which I didn't. My further adventures, as well as some hints I have to give on the choice of landladies and lodgings, must be deferred till next week.

WHO WAS THE OFFENDING ALDERMAN?

IN a letter in the *Examiner*, an ex-town-councillor, discussing the memory of the late Mr. George Wilson, says: "Jealousy or prejudice against Mr. Wilson was largely entertained by some of the members of the Town Council, and well do I remember, when sitting by the side of a certain self-confident and loquacious alderman, observing the frown on his countenance and the sneer on his lip when Mr. Wilson was nominated for the office of alderman. Doubtless he thought it an audacious proposition, and he turned and said to me, 'By —, what next?'" It is hardly fair to the present bench of aldermen to make such an indefinite and sweeping charge against them. At any rate, it would only have been just if our ex-town-councillor had stated whether or not the brilliant example he was writing about still retains a seat in the Council, and what name he has the honour to bear. With the exception of one rather pugnacious alderman, we are not aware that there is any gentleman in the Manchester City Council who is given to the use of strong language; but even he, we would have thought, would have had sufficient sense to see that George Wilson was a man who would adorn any office. It is just possible, however, that some of the quiet and inoffensive aldermen of the present day may have been somewhat more hot-headed when Mr. Wilson was in the Council.



WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

DOES anybody mean to tell us that Miss Becker doesn't approve of the authorities in Chili giving the suffrage to women?

Miss Becker, on the contrary, says all the ladies in Chili (heaven forgive her for the joke) *ri-chili* deserved the favour.

The newspapers say Mr. Disraeli has given Mr. Aronsberg a copy of the latest edition of his works, with a holograph inscription on it.

Oughtn't it to have been a para-graph inscription—for the newspapers?

Let's get to the Spelling Bee as soon as possible. Wasn't it true that the gentlemen present preferred a bee-r to a bee at Jimmy Lea's?

Did Mr. Maclure ask Councillor Rose to go upon the platform to see fair "doos" between the competitors?

Of course we needn't say that Mr. Rose said he'd see the Maclure at the "doos" first.

"Barrister" floored a lot of the bees as he wasn't in Chambers.

Mr. Maclure might have invited to leave instead of ex-spelling the competitors who failed.

One of the interrogators made such a mess of "cenobite," that a Scotch lady spelt it send-o-bite.

Mr. Maclure, during the evening, chucked one of the handsomest bees under the chin. "*Honi soit*," &c.

Mr. J. A. Bremner has been at it again. He says people are apt to look upon a policeman as a walking machine. Policemen are apt to look upon somebody—but we'd better not mention names—as a talking machine.

After the courageous way in which Superintendent Gee's men went to the rescue of the buried firemen at the recent fire, it's proposed to call the A division G division in future. Let's AGtate for it.

At the grocers' annual ball a young gentleman danced with a stout lady, and declared, afterwards, that she was "good weight."

A writer in the *City News*, in an article on good manners, says you never see a vulgar baby. Just let him tread on a baby's corns and see if baby will beg his pardon.

The latest proposal suggested is to make Manley Hall a residential club. An old maid says why not make a residence of it for gentlemen generally, and call it a men-agerie?

A Martyr to Duty.

(In Memoriam, John Brierley, fireman, fatally injured while doing his duty on Monday last.)

His time was come,
Fate called him, and he died!
Death comes to some
With more of circumstance, and less of pride.
To die enlapp'd in smoke and battle crash,
For country fighting, adds to death a beauty;
Our homely hero wore nor sword nor sash,
Yet soldier-like he died—his watchword "duty."

High poised in air,
Unscared by perils dread,
He ventured where
A spider scarce would dare to trust her thread;
Someone had got to do the work, he knew,
And so, of death and danger all unheeding,
With courage with discouragement that grew,
He went about the task that left him bleeding.

There was a crash—
Too late the warning cry—
And all was ash
And heap confused of broken masonry;
And he beneath; well may the gaping crowd
Of curious ones, awakened by the sight,
Show their emotion by expression loud,
And stand transfixed, or recoil in fright.

Not so the band
By dauntless Tozer led,
Though no command
Was needed, all was work—no word was said.
It was a noble sight to see them work;
Their comrade and two others lay beneath
Yon fiery heap; not theirs the task to shirk;
In times like these our bulldogs show their teeth.

They got them out
By dint of labour fierce;
Shout, people, shout!
As though your plaudits would the welkin pierce.
It was a noble deed!—a noble death,
Although ye know it not! Spare not your breath;
It is not every day you have the chance
On working heroes thus to cast your glance.

Honour the brave—
The living brave you see!—
Such heroes crave
Of honour with the dead the same degree.
They would have died as willingly as he
Whom now we mourn; the perils that they braved
Were same as his, but it was not to be—
At first they hoped "he" even had been saved.

Honour the dead,
Who died at duty's call!
And let us shed
One tear of sympathy upon his pall.
There are heroic deeds and deaths—in spheres
That falsely we call humble—which evel
The storied tales of warlike chroniclers,
And such the deed when fireman Brierley fell.

BISHOP VAUGHAN'S FLIGHT.

SCENE.—The Bishop's House, Salford. Bishop VAUGHAN and Father GADD discussing.

The Bishop. I say, Gadd, I can't tolerate this sort of humdrum life any longer. Upon my word, I must go away, or I'll be moped to death in Salford.

Father Gadd. Well, certainly it's awfully quiet here; nothing but fasting and feasting.

The Bishop. Just so; and, as Lent's coming on, I think it would be just as well for us to be out of the way for a bit.

Father Gadd. I believe you, my lord. Let's go for a trip on the continent.

The Bishop. Capital idea. I can inspect all the Catholic colleges, and we can pop in at nights and see the continental pantomimes. We'll visit the Dutch first, so see that my long pipe is put into my portmanteau, and we'll start to-morrow.

Father Gadd. Couldn't be done, my lord. There's a whole barrel of beer just tapped in the cellar, and it would sour before we come back. So, if you'll start to-day, I'll get in a few jolly brethren, we'll polish it off, and I'll join you at the earliest moment.

(For further particulars, see newspaper paragraph.)

ON NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

I'VE nothing in particular
To do, and so I write;
To scribble it is better far
Than be an idle wight.
I know that often idleness
A cause of evil is chief,
And work, at least, as all confess,
Will keep one out of mischief.

I've nothing in particular
To write about, and so
Extremely dull my fancies are,
That rhymes but feebly flow.
But never mind, the task supplies
A sort of occupation;
I cross my t's and dot my i's
In times of hesitation.

When nothing in particular
Occurs unto my mind,
I take a nip of Lochnagar;
I generally find
That, taken in small quantities,
A glass (in moderation),
Just swallowed when you want it, is
A source of inspiration.

I've nothing in particular
To these remarks to add;
You're tired now, I'm sure you are,
Or else you must be mad;
Myself I certainly begin—
I hope I may be right—
To view—I hope it is no sin—
Things in a different light.

THE SPELLING BEE.

[BY A MAN WHO PAID HALF-A-CROWN AND REGRETS IT.]

I WASN'T a competitor, oh, no!—I wasn't quite silly enough for that; but I was silly enough to pay half-a-crown for a reserved seat. I may say, that in my time I have expended many shillings and half-crowns on doleful forms of entertainment, and that the expenditure on Monday last was the least profitable of any of them. I expect that most of the spectators were of a similar opinion, for long before the dreary business was over, the attendance, large at first, grew lamentably thin. It was only the coarse "cheek" and consequential banter of the chairman, Mr. Maclure (who certainly did his best to make the thing a success), which saved it from collapse and failure. To the front ranks of spectators the proceedings took the amusing form of the interrogation, by persons who could not pronounce, of other persons who could not spell; while those who paid less, for the privilege of amusing themselves in the background, had to content themselves with what enlivenment could be given to an unintelligible proceeding by the occasional sallies of the chairman. Perhaps one reason of the failure of pronunciation on the part of the

interrogators was, that they had to bawl the words out to the top of their voices. Thus "Militia" became "Mawlusha," "Nonpareil" became "Numpril," &c., while "Sickrinos" did duty for "Synchronous." I would throw out the suggestion that, if another "public spelling bee" is ever held in this city, the interrogators should be selected at a previously held pronouncing "bee." "Public spelling bees" are, however, in my advice, and I speak from experience, a mistake; and if I may attach any importance to the muttered opinions freely and growlingly expressed by many of the spectators who departed before the finish, on Monday, the late experiment has been generally regarded in the light of obtaining money by false pretences. The competitors were, perhaps, some of them amused, though this I doubt. Mr. Maclure seemed to enjoy himself in his own way, but the conditions under which the affair was carried on absolutely barred any hope of success. The spelling bee might, as I take it, be entertaining as a mild and inoffensive parlour game, as a recreation for Christian young men's associations, or for the "harmless" wards of a lunatic asylum; but, as a public exhibition, the thing is purely a delusion and a sham—a very complete delusion, and a very stupid sham. I will not insult the reader's good sense by talking about spelling bees as educational agents, although Mr. Maclure, in his opening address, did try to make some such point. He said that the comic papers had done their best to sneer at the work. I was not aware that there were any such papers in Manchester, but, as the *Jackdaw* is not a comic paper, such sneers would be out of place. So much for my experiences at the "first monster public spelling bee."

CHILDREN AT THE PLAY.

[BY OUR OWN OLD PLAYGOER.]



VERY well remember, although it must be certainly thirty years ago, the consternation with which we youngsters received an announcement, made by the local manager of the theatre of our native town, that there would be no pantomime that year, but an extravaganza instead. The news upset our most cherished calculations, and, if I remember rightly, spread a gloom over the whole of those Christmas holidays. I had not, I believe, at that time, ever seen an "extravaganza," but, in spite of this, I went to that entertainment actuated, I imagine, by much the same sort of prejudice which Mr. Ruskin confesses he felt towards Miss Thompson's last picture. Mr. Ruskin's prejudices were, as he allows, removed; and such an admission, coming from such a source, cannot but be highly complimentary to the artist. I forget now what that extravaganza was about, but I know that it did not influence me in the same manner. I found it but a sorry substitute for the glories of pantomime, and did not enjoy myself a bit. The managers of our local theatres did not take the trouble this season to announce that there would be extravaganza instead of pantomime; but, following the prevalent fashion, allowed the thing to speak for itself. While, however, stage tradition changes, there is a tradition among children which changes not; and while the "entire Press" have been ecstatically gushing about the spectacles presented at our theatres, and especially the Prince's, a silent sentence of condemnation has been found in hundreds of nurseries. Some people may sneer at the criticism of a child of nine or ten years old, but in many matters the criticism of children is keener and of greater value than that of grown-up people. Children, even, who have never seen a pantomime, go there with certain prominent traditional ideas in their minds in connection, chiefly, with red-hot poker, policemen coming to grief with slides and otherwise, stolen babies, and costermongers pelted with their own carrots. Such

incidents were, in the old times, the staple of the sights which set the youngsters chuckling and fidgeting. When they are taken to a pantomime nowadays they are occupied by another and a doleful sort of restlessness, anticipative, alas! of the fun which never comes except in an infinitesimal dose at the end. The jolly old harlequinade has been clipped, pruned, and retrenched in order to make room for witless dialogues, witless repartee, short petticoats, and long dances, none of which things children have time to learn to appreciate until—and all the worse for them—they cease to be children altogether. All our theatres sin most lamentably in this matter of starving the fun of pantomimes in order to secure a long “run” by gratifying grown-up people. In some cases, as at the Queen’s in “Twinkle, Twinkle,” an attempt at a compromise is made by interspersing the piece with children’s scenes, such as the “Little Carter’s Dance,” and the “Land of Toys and Games.” But I asked a young gentleman who accompanied me the other day which part he liked the best, and he said “the end,” by which he did not mean to be sarcastic, but merely to indicate that “the clown was the best part of it,” as he subsequently explained. We, who are old, lose one pleasure of our lives in taking children to the pantomimes who cannot laugh all the time, for they insist upon going, any how, on traditional principles. They will take no denial, and will sit for hours contemplating a melancholy and unintelligible spectacle, kept awake by the hope of the fun which is coming presently, and which, when it does come, endures only for a few minutes. I must confess that my youngsters, whom I took to the Queen’s, seemed to enjoy themselves occasionally, and I only mention this theatre because I happened to take them there. At the Royal they would doubtless also have picked up here and there some scraps of fun. “Beauty and the Beast,” though decidedly the best, from all points of view, of the pantomimes now running, by no means comes up to my standard, formulated in the days when I was a real pantomime critic. In those days I never took the trouble to criticise the caste of a play, though the caste at the Royal is very good. In those days all actors were funny, and all actresses beautiful, but then the red-hot poker was in the ascendant, the ladies wore more becoming dresses than they do now, and the gentlemen were accommodated with parts that had some fun in them.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

I THREW out a suggestion, some time ago, that the best way of all to make poetry was to steal bodily the poetry of somebody else and adopt it as your own. I forgot, however, to recommend to poets that they should be careful not to spoil those verses in the stealing. One of the *City Lantern* poets has fallen into this latter error, in consequence probably of remissness on my part.

“*City Lantern*,” January 24, 1875.

THE CHRISTMAS ORANGE.

[BY OUR OWN MORALISING POET.]

It ripened by the river banks,
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
Don Whiskerandos play sad pranks
Dark donnas serenading.

By Moorish maiden it was plucked,
Who broke some hearts, they say, then;
By Haxon sweetheart it was sucked,
Who threw the peel away then.

How little thought that sweetheart fair,
Or dark-eyed girl of Seville,
That I should reel upon that peel,
And find my proper level!

MORAL.—Don’t throw orange-peel upon
the pavement; every one has not the
same estimate of his “proper level”
as our moralising poet.

It will be seen that the Editor of the *Graphic* allows his pretty poem to tell its own moral in a very obvious fashion. The *City Lantern* poet, however, in a fatal ambition that there should be no misunderstanding of the verses he has laboriously stolen and mutilated, adds a simple

Locker’s London Lyrics,* p. 32.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE ORANGE.

It ripened on the river’s banks,
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
Don Juans play their pretty pranks
Dark donnas serenading.

By Moorish damsel it was plucked,
Beneath the golden day, there;
By swain ’twas then in London sucked,
Who flung the peel away, there.

He could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That I should reel upon that peel,
And wish them at the devil.

* Strahan and Co., 1870.

explanation in prose. The poet should never do this, nor will he do so if his muse is worth her salt. We are at a loss, however, to define the “proper level” of the “moralizing,” but hardly moral, poet. As I said on a former occasion, the poet may, by stealing verses, offer to the public something better than he could produce himself, but the thing should not be done in this clumsy fashion. I could multiply instances and examples, but refrain at present, with the intention of keeping my eye on those poets and admonishing them from time to time for their good.

THE TWO IRISH DROMIOS.

(See letter in Wednesday’s “*Courier*.”)

SCENE.—Two Irishmen meeting in Market Street.

First Irishman. Sure, now, and who the devil are you?

Second Irishman. By the minory of my fathers, and I’m Captain Kirwan, of Manchester.

First Irishman. Don’t perjure your immortal sowl. Be jabers, I am Captain Kirwan, of Manchester.

First Irishman. Bedad, and if I’d a shillalagh here, I’d ask the man to trid on my coat tail who’d rob me, in broad daylight, of my name and description.

Second Irishman. Then, here’s my card, and bad cess to you, as I’ve not toime to foight now. [Makes a hasty exit.]

First Irishman [reading card]. “Captain Kirwan, Secretary to Home Rule Association.” Oh, murther! I must write to the *Courier* at once, or some of the subscriptions to the Army Scripture Readers’ Fund may find their way into the Home Rulers’ pockets. Och! Och! who’d be a secretary?

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A CABBAGE.

ON one of the London bridges, some years ago, I forget on which, there used to stand from day to day a wretched-looking man, gnawing, or pretending to gnaw, a raw cabbage. It was his way of appealing to the softer feelings of Londoners. During a lengthened observation of that man I never saw anyone give him anything, yet there he was, day after day, and, strange to say, he never seemed to get through his cabbage. He appeared to be always chawing a bit, and making vry faces too. It is perhaps ridiculous to suppose that he always had the same vegetable in his paws; perhaps he bought a fresh one every day out of the benevolence of the charitable. The fact remains, however, on which I am about to moralise, that that man was always there. Now it is clear enough that the man must have gained something by thus acting; from which you may infer, if you like, that there are a great many fools in the world—but this inference is stale, so let us look for something fresher. Can no one find me a parallel case for this man with his ostentatious cabbage? Do we not all know people who go about the world continually with raw cabbages in their fists, which they gnaw whenever anybody looks at them? The Lover of Nature knows plenty such. I was staying some time ago, by invitation, with a friend, who, though not very well to do, has still a very decent income, and he was continually flourishing his cabbage in my face during that visit. He apologised for everything, even in places where no apology was needed, in a studied parody of politeness. He would keep saying, “You know I cannot entertain you as I would like to; I am too poor. I don’t know whether you mind taking a tallow candle into your bedroom, but I really cannot afford any others. I treat you without ceremony, you see; just make yourself at home.” Now this was just the very way to prevent me from making myself at home, and only made me miserable instead. I used to wonder why on earth that man should be continually reminding me of his poverty; very often calling attention to shortcomings which I should never have noticed

unaided. After pondering much, I came to the conclusion that, like the man with the cabbage, he was in want of something—not necessarily of money, or bread, or clothing—but of something, and the desire for something in his case resolved itself into yearning for notoriety, either by hook or by crook. If he could not get notorious by means of large possessions he determined to put up with the fame coming from small ones, whereby he succeeded in making himself excessively unpleasant to me. I hope that whenever any of my readers come across a personal trait of this kind they will think of that man with the cabbage, in which case this sermon will not have been preached in vain.

THE UNEARTHLY DONKEY.

[BY OUR QUEER FELLOW.]

T WAS the other night I wandered
Through the dark and gloomy city,
In a vague and listless fashion—
Through the lamp-lit street my way lay,
Where the people hurried onwards,
Bent on business or on pleasure;
But at length, becoming weary
Of the rush and toil and clatter,
I betook me down a side-street—
Down a dim and gloomy side-street—
With the object of arriving
At a quiet situation,
Where in freedom I might ponder—
When, in turning round a corner,
Unexpectedly I stumbled
On an animal of some sort,
Standing in the gloom and shadow,
In a still and ghostly manner.
And I felt a sort of shudder
Seize me as I gazed upon him,
For his aspect was unearthly,
As he stood all still before me;
But a thing that reassured me
Was a cart he had behind him,
Which, upon a close inspection,
I discovered to be filled with
Carrots, turnips, and potatoes,
Cauliflowers, and peas and parsnips,
And a host of vegetables
Far too various to mention;
So I came to the conclusion
That the beast that so alarmed me
Was an inoffensive donkey—
Just a costermonger's donkey.
But, good gracious! what a donkey!
For its head was round and woolly,
Long and round, and very hairy,
And its eyes were not apparent,
And its ears were also hidden,
And its general appearance
Was unutterably placid;
There, amid the silent darkness,
Long I stood and pondered on him—
Pondered half-an-hour upon him—
Till I said, "This is astounding!
This is really most unearthly!
Is he dead? or is he sleeping?
Can it be there stands before me,
In the flesh, a lifeless donkey?
Do they always die so standing?
Oh! my brain begins to wander;
I will solve this hideous problem—
I will stick a pin into him;"
So I stuck a pin into him.
* * * * *
The result was most surprising—
I beheld a kind of vision,

In the murky air before me,
As of many tails and hind-legs,
And, as if a fierce volcano
Close beside my feet had opened,
Upward soared the greens and turnips,
Upward flew the peas and parsnips,
And, amid a din and clamour
As of twenty thousand earthquakes,
That inexplicable donkey
Disappeared into the darkness,
Leaving me transfixed and breathless
In a shower of vegetables.
And I've come to the conclusion,
With respect to that same donkey,
That, in spite of his appearance,
He was no more dead than I am.

THE SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL CLUB COMPANY (LIMITED).

SCENE I.—*Mr. Ellis Lever's Office in Piccadilly. Mr. ELLIS LEVER, seated on a twenty-ton piece of coal, soliloquising.*

Mr. Lever. To be, or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis better to gather honey all the day from every opening flower, in poor Sammy's grounds, or to take up arms—no, shares in a new company (limited of course), which might turn the shanty into an hotel, in which rich parvenus might hang out at night, "after the toils of the day are done."—Walker. It shall be done—at least it's worth trying; for what return am I to have for £120,000 I have buried in the grounds? I must even float a company, and as promoter, take half the shares.

SCENE II.—*The smokeroom of a fashionable hotel; 10.30 p.m.; several gentlemen present.*

First Gentleman.—Heard of the project of Ellis Lever? Suburban club at Manley?

Second Gentleman.—Yes. Awfully jolly. Go home what time we like now without disturbing our neighbours.

Third Gentleman. Just so, and a nightcap of "Irish hot" when we get in.

First Gentleman. Or unlimited loo?

Second Gentleman. Or Napoleon?

Third Gentleman. Of course, and kick up as much row as we like. We shall be in the midst of "our own grounds," and no one can complain. Shall we join?

Omnes. Of course we'll join.

SCENE III.—*A furnished sitting-room in the upper storey of the same hotel. A London merchant and his wife.*

Husband. I hate having to stay in hotels where all is noise and clatter. I'm so glad Mr. Lever is about to open a suburban hotel.

Wife. So am I, dear. It will be so nice and quiet. Do you know, the "gentlemen" in the smokeroom are so rude.

Husband. Ah, yes, it's always the case; but all that will be done away with at Manley Hall. We can go to sleep in peace and quietness there, for we shall be in the middle of our own grounds.

Wife. That will be excellent; and I shall be reconciled to your occasional visits to Manchester.

Husband. Yes, and I shall come more often than I do now.

SCENE IV. *Mr. Lever's office. Mr. E. L. receives a deputation.*

Miss Lydia B-k-r. I would suggest that spinsters have a separate wing for their own purposes.

The London Merchant. And that the married couples have also a separate wing.

The Three Gents from the Smokeroom. And that a wing be set apart for billiards, cards, and smoking.

Mr. Pitman. And that vegetarians have a wing.

Mr. Barker, of the U. K. A. And that no intoxicating liquors be sold on the premises, except in that wing.

Sir Joseph Heron. And that members of the Council have a wing for their special use when they sleep out.

Sir John Hes Mantell. And that vagrants have a wing in which they shall sleep as long as they like.

Omnes. And wings for eating, and speechmaking, and political lectures, and art exhibitions, and sermons on the Sunday, and —

Mr. F. L. [faintly]. Leave me, ladies and gentlemen, leave me. I would the place could take wings to itself and fly away. My punishment is greater than I can bear. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

[Scene closes to slow music.]

SNOWBALLING AND MORALITY AT OPENSHAW.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner*, signing himself "Anti-Snowball," takes occasion of the late fall of snow in order to villify the district in which he resides. He says that not only do the wicked assemble in that locality to snowball their fellow-creatures, but also that the public-houses are open all the week and closed on Sundays, whereas the churches are open on Sundays and closed during week-days. The exceptional state of immorality thus disclosed is really shocking; and the readers of the *Examiner* (if there are any) in Openshaw ought to feel very grateful to the Clerk of the Weather for promoting an opportune fall of snow, whereof "Anti-Snowball" takes advantage, with a sort of grim humour, by throwing mud, under the pretence of rebuking the throwers of snowballs.

MR. MACLURE AT THE SPELLING BEE.

THE petty persecution to which Mr. MacLure is subject at the hands of the daily press was never more glaringly exemplified than on Tuesday, in the reports of the monster spelling bee at the Free Trade Hall. In some of the accounts the chairman's speech was entirely ignored; in others, which professed to give at least a summary of what he said, some of his most characteristic points were entirely ignored. The *City Jackdaw*, anticipating that this might happen, and grateful to Mr. MacLure for the many useful "tips" he offers from time to time, was at pains to send a special reporter, whose notes, as extended after partaking of the speaker's hospitality in the committee-room, have been supplied to us as follows:—

Gentlemen and ladies—I always put the gentlemen first, because the ladies are so rude—this is a Be, and it will Bee successful, notwithstanding all the cheers—I mean jeers—of the comic press, ladies and gentlemen; at least, I should say comic press so called, though I may tell you in private, ladies and gentlemen, that I read the *Jackdaw* regularly once a week, and twice on Sundays. I don't know much about B's, nor A's, nor C's either, gentlemen and ladies, but I look upon this as a jolly spree; and it doesn't matter how we begin, ladies and gentlemen, does it, so long as we fill up the time? Shall I tell you a little secret, ladies and gentlemen?—I mean gentlemen and ladies. The fact is we can't get to work till little Symonds comes up from Owens College. He's got all the hard words in his nut—I mean dictionary—and the rest of us know nothing about it; but in the meantime we'll amuse you with a little singing. By the bye, a singing bee would not be a bad idea, or say a humming bee. What says Dr. Watts—I mean Shakspeare?—

"How doth the little busy B
Improve each shining hour"—

or as a friend of mine once rendered it—let me see, what was it?—something about opening flower:—

"He gathers honey all the day,
And eats it all the night."

It wasn't my friend Dr. Watts, of the School Board, mind you—though I hope he is here, for he's a very good fellow in the same line of business

as myself; although I'd bet anybody here a bottle of sham—by the way, how should that be spelled? with a "c," a "hess," or a "tee"—that he couldn't spell European. I've been at spelling bees in America and Canada, and it's rare fun kissing the lasses, you know—kiss. We always did it when they failed—and they failed on purpose, d'ye know. By the way, that would be a good plan to weed out the four hundred. In Birmingham—which I mention because it begins with a "Bee"—the four hundred are really bees—workers, not spellers merely; and they have turned the Tories to the rightabout. But that's neither here nor there; and you are far better at work upon spelling than picking up politics. This is a great educational movement, for, you know you don't know how to pronounce your "h's"—though I don't know what that has to do with spelling. If this bee is successful, I suggest that we should next have a Monster Pronouncing H, when my friend Councillor Croston will hobble his hall by taking the chair, hacting has hinterrogator, hand hannonouncing the hanswers to the haudience. I have only one word to add: when the competitors are bowled out, let them get out quietly, especially the ladies, as I find they are generally rude and noisy. I think this is a particularly good joke; but in the event of your not understanding it, please understand that I don't mean what I say, and don't generally do. Hallo, here's Symonds; he's finished his lecture at last; how awfully bored the students must have been! Let us get on now. Let the papers be distributed.

(The papers are distributed, and the process occupies about half an hour.)

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

FAR o'er the deep and beautiful sea,
With a wild desire I long to sail;
Where the glad waves leap, and the wind blows free,
And the sea-bird shrieks to the coming gale.

The anchor's up and the wind is fair,
And away from the land we merrily go;
From noon till eve I am free to stare
At "the blue above and the blue below."

But, ah! the wild and murmuring sea
Has lost its charm, and the live-long day
I pine for a glimpse of the woodland tree,
Of the dimpled brook and the mountain gray.

From youth till age 'tis ever so—
Our hopes and wishes are far away;
Only the distant mountains glow,
With the golden tints of the dying day.

INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS AT DE JONG'S.

SCENE.—The promenade. Time, last Saturday. Chorus of Manchester snobs, yelling out "Britons never shall," &c., after which—

Manchester Snob [loquitor]. Ah! ain't that fine, there ain't no tune like it; don't you think so, 'Arry? *[To foreigner.]* Hallo, where are you shoving to?

Frenchman. Sare, I am demand pardon. I was not intend to poke.

Manchester Snob [contemptuously]. Damned German!

German [to Manchester Snob]. Vat vas you say, zir? I vil not permit dat mine vaderland be cursed. Your "Rule Britannia" is noting vot to compare mit de "Wacht en Rhein."

Manchester Snob. I say, 'Arry, what's that he's talking about?

Frenchman. It is one piggery of a song, and is to pity at side of our "Partant pour la Syrie." *[Hums].*

German. Vat is dat vord, biggery? Vill you explain, mine vriend?

Frenchman. Je ne parler pas l'Allemand et je n'en veux point.

German. Et maw je barle un bien le Vranzais et je vous dis que les Vranzais soit Gojons. *[Grasping his umbrella firmly].*

Frenchman [excitedly]. Et moi de dis que les Allemands.

German. Gommong dong?

[Rush of Manchester snobs for refreshments.]

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.

It has at last been decided that women shall be permitted to obtain, by examination, the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of London. An ungallant member of the senate, in the course of the discussion, a few days since, moved an amendment that the word "arts" be omitted, and that the ladies should be qualified to appear but as mere "bachelors." This, however, was overruled. Miss Becker will, doubtless, hail with gratification this new step in what she considers the right direction. Any lady who now objects to being described as a "spinster," may, by duly qualifying herself, be entitled to substitute the term "bachelor"—of art. There are arts and arts, and if the ladies are not satisfied with those which they already possess, we, for our part, see no reason why they should not aspire to degrees in those which have been, from time immemorial, relegated to the sterner sex.

THE SILLY SEASON.

[From the newspapers.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY.

FIVE children at a birth,
As cause for mirth
We would not take,
Nor make
Of it a tale to boast of,
Nor yet to make the most of.
But when we read of five,
In months eleven born,
The tale our hearts should rive
For those unlucky parents,
Who sure must feel forlorn,
When called upon to pay rents.
Eleven altogether
Was the number she produced;
Let's hope she is reduced
To the end of her tether,
For her hapless spouse's sake,
Whom we must clearly take
To be in sad condition
At every fresh addition
To a family whose bread he
Can scarce provide already.
One fact remains behind,
Which you perhaps will find,
A strange coincidence—
The mother also was one of three
At a birth, and hence
There is evidence,
From whence
An inference
You may draw,
On the law
Of chance.
Now the circumstance
Is very well denoted as we head it;
'Twas only Wednesday last we read it.

PEEPERS AND MUTTERERS.

MUCH mischief and displeasure was caused once in a country village not many miles from Manchester by a Peeping Tom. The man was named John Smith, and it was his practice to assail his neighbours of a morning with "Well, John, you won't wear out your trousers at the knees," or some such covert reference to the fact that the said John Smith had not spent much time overnight at his prayers. Sometimes the assault would take a more oblique form; as for example, to Bill Snooks, "Well, Bill, you ask Tom Noddy if he has a headache this morning;" the suggestion being that Snooks should forthwith go and aggravate Noddy by

an insinuation that he had had a glass too much the night before. How these secrets got abroad was a perplexing and annoying mystery, until one night it was discovered that Smith was in the habit of prowling around late; walking softly in list shoes, and peeping into his neighbours' sitting apartments through the shutters or under the blind, to take observations regarding the observance of family prayers, or the mixing of the neighbourly punch-bowl or private nightcap. It is in the hateful semblance of Peeping Toms of this sneaking description that some earnest good men in Manchester have chosen to parade themselves before the public. Mr. Robert Whitworth, speaking at the meeting of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Union, on Saturday last, is reported in the *Examiner and Times* to have said: "With regard to the increase of drunkenness, he was glad to say that a vigilance committee had been formed in Manchester amongst friends who were not total abstainers, and he believed that their exertions had had great effect in preventing the granting of a number of licenses during the last twelve months, and also in preventing the transfer of a still greater number. They were gentlemen moving in a tolerably good position in society, and he believed that they had had very considerable influence in their private circles in expressing their views to the magistrates, independently of going before them in the licensing court." It is difficult to conceive that a man like Mr. Whitworth can approve—but he apparently does approve—a spy system, and back-stairs corruption of magistrates. In a law-governed and settled country, where there are proper guardians of the peace, an amateur vigilance committee is an impertinence, and a meanness.

MANCHESTER THERMOMETER.

Boiling point. Small par. in	212
<i>Evening Mail.</i>	
90	Blood heat. Dizzy.
This side up, with care. For the	80
Prime Minister.	
60	Mercury rising rapidly. Local philanthropist or nothing.
Freezing. No par. in the local papers.	30
20	Portrait in Pictorial World.
Thought better of it.	10
0	Zero. Retiring from business.

OH FOR A LODGE IN SOME VAST WILDERNESS!

MR. HUGH MASON has set his heart on having a lodge somewhere near his residence at Ashton, but some of his neighbours object to his having it on a certain site. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Mason, who is well worthy of his name, has erected the building; and notwithstanding that it has thrice been rendered uninhabitable through attacks from a number of men, he, we understand, intends to persist in carrying out his original plans. We have sympathy with Mr. Mason in this trial of strength between himself and neighbours; and we suggest to him that if they level his lodge to the ground, adopting the habits of Diogenes, he should set up a tub, and in it take up his lodgings until he has reduced his opponents to a proper sense of reason.

HITTING SIR JOHN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

WE have hitherto given Councillor Bailey, of Salford, credit for the possession of more charity and good nature than he seems to possess. He has gone out of his way to write, and has published in the newspapers, a letter to Mr. Cross, in which are raised up, all over again, the charges against the Salford stipendiary which might very fairly have been forgotten, or left to be dealt with at the discretion of persons of more consequence than a Salford town councillor. We cannot congratulate Mr. Bailey on his course of action, even though he may succeed in getting his name up at the expense of common fairness and charity. After all, the renown of having written a long-winded and ungrammatical letter to the Home Secretary is not so great as Mr. Bailey seems to think it.

JOTTINGS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—At the Evangelistic services, in the Hulme Town Hall, on Sunday last, two speakers were announced, Mr. Simon and Dr. Zichman. Were they one and the same; or how the deuce could the chairman in calling upon them distinguish the one from the other by name?

DON'T YOU SMELL SULPHUR?—The Secularists are fond of strong things. At the Secular Institute, on Sunday, Mr. G. W. Foote entertained his hearers with a lecture on "An hour with the devil, and a peep into hell." We were not present to hear how he obtained his experience, otherwise we might have been able to tell our readers whether there was any relationship between the lecturer and the chap below with the cloven foot.

THE LIBERATIONISTS.—It is rumoured that the Secretary of the Liberation Society in Manchester says he is of the stock of that Alexander who furnished the Town Clerk with the opportunity of silencing and dispersing the State Church rowdies at Ephesus, who for two mortal hours bellowed out in public meeting, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

CONSERVATIVE BONDAGE.

EVEN in Africa the slaves are by no means in such dreadful bondage as the Conservatives of Manchester. A town's meeting was held yesterday (Thursday), in the Town Hall, for the purpose of expressing an opinion on the amended Slave Circular of the Government; and in order that this question should not be fairly discussed, "a slave circular" was issued by the Manchester Conservative Association, demanding the attendance of its members, as the meeting was anticipated to be "evidently of a purely political caste." For the honour of the members of the Conservative party, let it be said that they are evidently inclined to burst their chains. Mr. Birley stayed away; and it was left to Councillor Croston to head a string of nobodies, whose opinion on the question of slavery was not worth hearing. Mr. Croston attempted to make two blacks out of one white. The shortcomings of recent Liberal Governments, and the outcries of frozen-out Liberal members on the slave question, are preferable to the meaningless twaddle which Mr. Croston uttered in defence of a circular which even its own framers have withdrawn. The Town Clerk was to be pitied, for he was bound to listen to Mr. Croston's meanderings; but he'll have an opportunity for revenge at the next council meeting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

How I caught her eye.—It is a pity you cannot have an opportunity of observing how we cauterise.

Jackey.—Your doleful cjackeyations are not, as you seem to think, comic poetry.

J. C.—Thanks for your information, which confirmed a previously formed opinion. Irishman? Gardes Bien. A traveller by sea.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—J. F. A.; Is the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* as RECEIVED.—Drawing a bead.

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[JANUARY 21, 1876.]

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